

*Kate.* Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A horse-foot beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave:  
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,  
Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?  
What's this, Mutton?

*1. Ser. I.*

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Peter. I.*

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:  
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?  
How durst you willaines bring it from the dresser  
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:  
You heedlesse iolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaues.

What, do you grumble? He be with you straight.

*Kate.* I pray you husband be not so disquiet.

The meate was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:  
For it engenders chollier, planteth anger,  
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,  
Since of our felues, our felues are cholliericke,  
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:  
Be patient, to morrow 't shall be mended,  
And for this night we'll fast for compaignie.

Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Servants severally.*

*Nath. Peter* didst euer see the like.

*Peter.* He kills her in her owne humor.

*Grumio.* Where is he?

*Enter Curio a Servant.*

*Cur.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that shee (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

*Enter Petruchio.*

*Pet.* Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:  
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,  
And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,  
For then the neuer looks vpon her lure.  
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,  
To make her come, and know her keepers call:  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,  
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:  
Shee eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.

Last night she slept nor, nor to night she shall not:  
As with the meate, some vnderfused fault.

He finde about the making of the bed,

And heere hee fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets:

I, and amid this hurle I intend,

That all is done in reuerend care of her,

And in conclusion, shee shall watch all night,

And if she chance to nod, hee raile and brawle,

And with the clamor keepe her stil awake:

This is a way to kill a Wife with kindnesse,

And thus hee curbe her mad, and headstrong humor:

He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit.*

*Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

*Tran.* Is't possible friend *Liso*, that mistress *Bianca*

Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,

I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

*Luc.* Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,

Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.  
*Enter Bianca.*

*Hor.* Now Mistress, profit you in what you reade?

*Bian.* What Master reade you first, resolue me that?

*Hor.* I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.

*Bian.* And may you proue sir Master of your Art.

*Luc.* While you sweet deere ptoue Mistress of my heart.

*Hor.* Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray you that durst sweare that your mistress *Bianca*

Lou'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*.

*Tran.* Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,

I tel thee *Liso* this is wonderfull.

*Hor.* Mistake no more, I am not *Liso*,

Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,

But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,

For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,

And makes a God of such a Cullion;

Know sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

*Tran.* Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard

Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightnesse,

I wil with you, if you be so contented,

Forswear *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.

*Hor.* See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*,

Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow

Neuer to woo her more, but do forswear her

As one vnworthie all the former fauours

That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

*Tran.* And heere I take the like vnfaired oath,

Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,

For on her, see how beaustly she doth court him.

*Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn

For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.

I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,

Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,

As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,

And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,

Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous looks

Shall win my loue, and so I take my leaue,

In resolution, as I swore before.

*Tran.* Mistress *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,

As longeth to a Louers blessed case:

Nay, I haue cause you napping gentle Loue,

And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.

*Bian.* *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne

me?

*Tran.* Mistress we haue.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of *Liso*.

*Tran.* I faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,

That shall be woo'd, and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God giue him ioy.

*Tran.* I, and hee'l tame her.

*Bianca.* He sayes so *Tranio*.

*Tran.* Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.

*Bian.* The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

*Tran.* I mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master,

That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,

To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,

That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied

An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,

Will serue the turne.

*Tran.* What is he *Biondello*?

*Bion.* Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but forsmall in apparrell,  
In gate and countenance surely like a Father.

*Luc.* And what of him *Tranio*?

*Tran.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,

He make him glad to see me *Vincenzio*,

And giue assurance to *Baptista* *Mmol*.

As if he were the right *Vincenzio*.

*Par.* Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God saue you sir.

*Tran.* And you sir, you are welcome,

Trouaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,

But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,

And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

*Tran.* What Countryman I pray?

*Ped.* Of Mantua.

*Tran.* Of Mantua sir, marrie God forbid,

And come to Padua carelesse of your life.

*Ped.* My life sir how I pray for that goes hard.

*Tran.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua, know you not the cause?

Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke

For priuate quarrel twixt your Duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis murdaine, but that you are but newly come,

you might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.

*Ped.* Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,

For I haue bills for monie by exchange

From Florence, and must heere deliuer them.

*Tran.* Wel sir, to do you courtesie,

This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you,

First tell me, haue you euer bene at Pisa?

*Ped.* I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,

Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.

*Tran.* Among them know you one *Vincenzio*?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I haue heard of him:

A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tran.* He is my father sir, and sooth to say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.

*Tran.* To saue your life in this extremitie,

This fauor wil I do you for his sake,

And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,

That you are like to Sir *Vincenzio*.

His name and credite shal you vndertake,

And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,

Looke that you take vpon you as you should,

you vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay

Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:

If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.

*Ped.* Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer

The patron of my life and libertie.

*Tran.* Then go with me, to make the matter good,

This by the way I let you vnderstand,

My father is heere look'd for euerie day,

To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage

Twixt me, and one *Baptista* daughter heere:

In all these circumstances he instruct you,

Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Katherine and Grumio.*

*Grum.* No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

*Ka.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marrie me to famish me?

Beggars that come vnto my fathers doore,

Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,

If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:

But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,

Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,

Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:

With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,

And that which spights me more then all these wants,

He does it vnder name of perfect loue:

As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate

'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.

I prethee go, and get me some repast,

I care not what, so it be holisome foode.

*Grum.* What say you to a Neats foote?

*Kate.* 'Tis pasing good, I prethee let me haue it.

*Grum.* I feare it is too cholliericke a meate.

How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?

*Kate.* I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.

*Grum.* I cannot tell, I feare 'tis cholliericke.

What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?

*Kate.* A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.

*Grum.* I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

*Kate.* Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.

*Grum.* Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard

Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.

*Kate.* Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Grum.* Why then the Mustard without the beefe.

*Kate.* Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,

That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.

Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you

That triumph thus vpon my misery:

Go get thee gone, I say.

*Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.*

*Petr.* How fares my Kate, what sweetening all a-morr?

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheere?

*Kate.* Faith as cold as can be.

*Petr.* Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me,

Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.

I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not;

And all my paines is sorted to no purpose,

Heere take away this dish.

*Kate.* I pray you let it stand.

*Petr.* The poorest seruice is repaid with thanks,

And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

*Kate.* I thanke you sir.

*Petr.* Signior *Petruchio*, he you are too blame:

Come Mistress Kate, he beare you compaignie.

*Petr.* Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou louest mee:

Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:

*Kate* eate apace; and now my honie Loue,

Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,

And reuell it as brauely as the best,

With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,

With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:

With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,

With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry,

What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,

To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.

*Enter Tailor.*

Come